

Glasgow Weekly Times.

CLARK H. GREEN:

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT"—JEFFERSON.

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

Volume 10.

GLASGOW, MISSOURI, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1849.

Number 32

GLASGOW WEEKLY TIMES.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
Office, up stairs, next door to Crenshaw's Hotel.
Entrance, Water Street.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.
For one year, if paid in advance, \$2 00
If not paid before the end of the year, 3 00

One square, (12 lines or less) One Dollar
for the first, and 50 cents for each subsequent
insertion.

Liberal deductions made to Merchants and
others who advertise by the year.

Of every description, executed with neatness
and despatch, on reasonable terms.

JUSTICES' BLANKS AND BLANK DEEDS,
Neatly executed, kept constantly on hand,
and for sale low.

AGENTS FOR THIS PAPER.

V. B. PALMER, Esq., is authorized to procure
Advertisements, receive Subscriptions,
and make Collections for the TIMES, at his of-
fices in the following cities:

PHILADELPHIA—North-West Corner Third
and Chestnut streets.

BALTIMORE—South-East Corner of Balti-
more and Calvert streets.

NEW YORK—Tribune Buildings.

BOSTON—No. 5, State street.

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B. H. SMITH,

Attorney at Law,

TRENTON, GRUNDY CO. MO.

WILL promptly attend to all business,
entrusted to his care, in the Courts of
the Eleventh Judicial Circuit. no13.

NEW DRUG STORE.

THE subscribers are now receiving and
opening at their Drug Store, corner of Market
and First streets, in Glasgow, a general as-
sortment of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils and
Dye-stuffs, Perfumery, Fancy and Shaving
Soaps, direct from St. Louis and Philadelphia.

We return our thanks to our friends and
the public generally for their liberal patronage
the last year, and hope by strict attention to
business, to have a continuance of the same.

Physicians orders put up neat and with dis-
patch all articles sold by us warranted.

Our stock consists in part of the following
articles, viz:

Sulphate and acetate and Croton Oils

Morphine White and Red Lead

Quinine Blistering Ointment

Potass. Iodid. "Tissue

Calomel Ipecac

Blue Mass Lunar Castic

Rheubarb, Pulverized Epsom Salts

and Root. Chamomile Flowers

Camphor Bi Carb Soda

Opium, Gum and Pul- Cream Tartar

verized Acid Tartaric

Tamar Emetic "Acetic

Gum Arabic "Muriatic

"Althoe Elixir Vitriol

"Assafetida Carb Magnesia

Castor, Olive, Linseed, Calcedine do

PATENT MEDICINES

Sappington's Brandreth's, Moffat's Price's

and Sugar Coated Pills; Osgood's Cholagogue;

Swayne's and Wister's Balsam Wild Cherry;

A pure article of Madeira Wine and Cognac

Brandy for medicinal purposes only; in

short we have every article usually called for

in our line. DIGGES & HORSLEY.

March 22, 1849.

CHEESE—A very fine fresh article, for

sale by BOON, TALBOT & SMITH.

Fayette, June 21, 1849.

J. & A. ARNOT'S

LIVERY STABLE.

THE subscribers respectfully inform their
friends and the public generally, that
they have just returned from St. Louis with
a new lot of superior CARRIAGES and BUG-
GIES, which, in addition to their former as-
sortment, will enable them, at all times, to
supply persons who may want conveyances,
either on business or pleasure. They also
have a very superior new OMNIBUS, of elegant
finish, capable of carrying sixteen per-
sons, with ease and comfort.

They will at all times be in readiness to
attend on funeral occasions, pleasure parties,
or will convey persons and families to and
from this place, at the shortest warning.

Thankful for past favors, they solicit a
continuance of that patronage heretofore so
generously bestowed, and will spare no pains
or expense to render comfortable and give
satisfaction to all who will favor them with a
call. J. & A. ARNOT.

Glasgow, May 24, 1849.

Rio Coffee.

50 BAGS Prime Rio Coffee, just re-

ceived and for sale by J. D. PERRY.

Shingles for Sale.

THE undersigned will have constantly on
hand any quantity of Morrison's Shin-
gleds, per pack, put up in Eastern style, war-
ranted to measure to run its full length. De-
livered either in Glasgow, Monticello or Old
Jefferson. Apply to Barton & Bro's, Glas-
gow, John H. Grove, Old Jefferson, or the un-
dersigned at Monticello.

WILLIAM C. WOODSON.

August 16, 1849.—24—4m.

Charles & Blow.

Wholesale Dealers and Importers of
DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, GLASS-
WARE, &c.—AND AGENT FOR
MISSOURI WHITE LEAD WORKS,
Washington Avenue, Opposite American Fur
Company, St. Louis, Mo.

THE subscribers have received their Fall
importations, which have been selected
with great care, to which the attention of
Merchants, Physicians and Dealers is respect-
fully invited.

Prices current furnished when requested.

St. Louis, August 30, 1849.—1—4m

LOUR—50 Bbls, St. Louis, just received
and for sale by J. D. PERRY.

Death.

BY REV. W. R. O. PEABODY.
Lift high the curtain's drooping fold,
And let the evening's sun light in;
I would not that my heart grow cold,
Before its better hours begin;
'Tis well at such an hour—
So calm and pure—a sinking ray
Should shine into the heart with power
To drive its darker thoughts away.

The bright young thoughts of early days,
Shall gather round my memory now,
And not the latter cares whose trace
Is stamped so deeply on my brow;
What though those days return no more;
To sweet remembrance is not vain—
For heaven is waiting to restore
The childhood of my soul again.

Let no impatient mourner stand
In holy sadness near my bed—
But let me rest upon the hand,
And let me hear the gentle tread
Of her whose kindness long ago,
And still unworn away by years,
Has made those weary eyelids flow
With grateful and admiring tears.

I go—but let no plaintive tone
The moment's grief of friendship tell;
And let no proud and graven stone
Say where the weary slumber well!
A few short hours, and then for heaven!
Let sorrow all its tears dismiss,
For who could mourn the warning given,
Which calls us from a world like this.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

The First Kiss.

BY AN AMATEUR.

When I speak of kissing, I don't in-
clude kissing mothers, or sisters, aunt,
grandma, or the little people; that's all
in the family, and a matter of course.
I mean one's wife, sweet heart and other
feminines, that are not kin or blood con-
nection. "That's the sort to call kiss-
ing," and that is the sort I am going to
describe.

There is a beautiful village about
twenty-four miles north of New Haven,
called in the Indian tongue Pomerany.
What it means in Indian I don't know.
It was not taught us in the district
school up there, where we learned our
A B C's, and afterwards progressed as
far as A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z, and then
I was allowed to graduate and enter the
"Youth's Seminary," under the charge
of the Reverend Mr. Fuller. One of
my schoolmates in the latter place was
a bright intelligent boy, of the name of
Walter Marshall. I loved him; so did
every body else in the old village love
him. He grew up to manhood, but not
there. No, New England boys don't
grow up at home; before they reach
manhood they are transplanted, and are
flourishing in all parts and ports of the
known world, wherever a Yankee craft
has been, or the stars and stripes.

Walter Marshall, when he reached
the age of fourteen, arrived at New
York from his native village, in the de-
stitute situation, that is frequent among
New England boys; that is to say, he
had only the usual accompaniments of
these unfledged chips, who afterward
make the merchants and great men of
this country, and not unfrequently of
other lands. He had a little wooden
trunk, pretty well stocked with "Aun-
tun's," a sixty-eight cent Bible his moth-
er packed for him, fearful that he
might forget it, a three dollar New
Haven City Bank bill, and any quantity
of energy, patience, perseverance and
ambition. He entered the counting
room of a large mercantile house in
South street. His honesty, activity,
and industry won him many friends.
Among them was an Englishman mer-
chant, who had a large commercial
house in Calcutta, and a branch at Bom-
bay. He was in this country on busi-
ness connected with his commercial
firm in Calcutta, and did his business
with the firm Walter clerked it with;
and here the latter attracted his notice.

He was sixteen years of age only; yet
the Bombay gentleman fancied him,
made him a liberal offer to go to India
with him; which after very little palav-
er among his friends, Walter accepted.
New England boys don't often start off
on their unusually long, wandering ex-
cursions, without first getting leave of
absence for a few days' preparatory
exercise, which they spend in going
where they originally came from, and
then, having a few good looks at the
weather-beaten old village Church, the
high old steeple, which has wonderfully

reduced in size and elevation since they
first saw it, to notice it in school-boy
days; then they must hear the old bell
ring once more, even if they have to
take a spell at the rope; then take a turn
among the white grave-stones, see if
there are any very green mounds, fresh
made, and if so, to ask who among old
friends has gone to his last resting place;
then to kiss mother and sisters, shake
hands with father—and the stage is at
the door of the tavern, and they are
ready for a start to go "any where."

Walter went up to do, and did do, all
this; but he did not get into the stage
at the tavern. He walked down the
road ahead of the coach towards the
old bridge, and told the stage-driver to
stop and let him in at the ministers
house—at Parson Fuller's. Mary Full-
er lived there too, for she happened to
be the Parson's only daughter. She
was the merriest, loveliest little witch
that ever wore long, loose tresses of
auburn hair, and had blue eyes. She
was only twelve years old, Walter was
nearly seventeen. She did love him,
though; he was all in all to her; he had
fought her battles all through her child-
ish campaign, and she had no brother.
She was Walter's cousin too; and a sort
of half first cousin, for her mother had
been the half sister of Walter's mother.
They were not too near related for pur-
poses hereafter to be named.

Poor Molly! she would have cried
her eyes out on this occasion, had it not
been that Walter's solemn phiz set her
ideas of the ridiculous in motion; and
she made a merry ten minutes as a
wind up to their parting scene. Three
days afterwards Walter was in New
York; and just four months and twenty
days farther on in time's almanac he
was making out invoices and acting as
corresponding clerk to "the firm" in
Bombay.

I shall not stop long enough to relate
how many times he went to the exhibi-
tion of venomous-looking corba de
cadpello, biting Sepoys, just for fun,
and to show how innocent the beauties
were, and how easy their bite was cured;
how often he visited the far-famed El-
ephant Caves; how many times he dined
with good Sir Robert Grant, the Gov-
ernor of Bombay, and how he was with
him, and what he said the very morn-
ing of the day the old scourge the chol-
era made the excellent Sir Robert its
victim—all these things I shall leave to
another time, and a more appropriate
heading. I skip all these and six years
of time besides, and Master Walter at
Staten Island, bring him up to the city
in a steamboat, and leave him at a re-
spectable hotel, and there let him sleep
all night, and take a good "shore rest,"
after a tedious voyage of four months
and more.

The next morning we awaken him;
make him get up, pay his bill, take a
hack, and ride down to the New Haven
steamboat and go on board. It is seven
o'clock, A. M. At one P. M., the boat
has reached the landing; his trunk and
"traps," are on board the Litchfield
stage; he has taken a seat inside; his
destination is an intermediate village.
He is not alone in the stage; no, not
alone; there is an old woman on the
front seat, and a Presbyterian clergy-
man on the middle seat. The stage is
up in the city, and slowly meandering
about New Haven town; picking up
passengers, who have sent their names
to the stage office, and is still customary
in that staid and sober city of minerol-
ogy, theology, and other "logies" in gen-
eral. The stage Jehu pulls up to the
door of a neat little cottage in Chapel
street. A passenger, young lady of
sweet seventeen or thereabout, Before
she has fairly got inside, Walter has no-
ticed her, and she has noticed him too.
He gazes in astonishment at the perfect
vision of loveliness before him; he
hasn't seen anything of the kind for many
years. There is not a particle of cop-
per about her. She, on her part, has
laughing, has regarded him very atten-
tively; pushes back the golden ringlets
that almost shut in her face, and takes
another look, as if to be certain that she
made no mistake.

"Here is a seat, miss, beside me," says
the gospel preacher.

"Thank you, sir, but I prefer sitting
on the back seat with that gentleman, if

he will let me," said the most electrical
voice that Walter had listened to in
some time.

"Certainly" miss, said the delighted
Bombayite; and when she seated her-
self by him, she gazed into his face
with such a queer kind of mixed de-
light and astonishment, that Walter ac-
tually took a look down upon himself to
ascertain what there was about his per-
son that appeared to be so pleasing to
the fair maiden; but he discovered
nothing unusual. The stage rolled on
toward Derby, at its usual rapid rate of
five miles an hour, and Walter and the
merry maid seemed as chatty and cosy
together, as though they had known
each other for years instead of minutes.
The minister tried to engage the ring-
lets in conversation, but he soon found
himself "nowhere." She had neither
eyes nor ears for any body else but
Walter; and he had told her more about
his own travels, and Bombay scenery
than any body else before or since.

At last they came to Derby. Their
horses had to be changed, and four
fresh skeletons were harnessed up and
tackled on to the old stage. Walter
handed the gentle girl back to her old
seat as gracefully as the could have
done had he never lived in Bombay, but
always stopped in New York. They
were alone now; the minister and the
other old woman had got out at Derby.

"Well we are off once more; how
far are you going?" said Walter as the
stage went off.

"Not quite as far as Litchfield. You
say that your friends reside at Pom-
erany? How glad they will be to see
you!"

"Very probably, unless they have
forgotten me, which is likely, for I sup-
pose I have altered some in six years."

"Not a particle, I—"

The pretty maid forgot what she
was going to say, but at last remem-
bered and continued:

"I should suppose you had not altered,
for you said you were seventeen
when you was last at home, and now
you are only twenty-three. You must
have been grown nearly as large as
you are now."

"Perhaps so; but still, I am somewhat
tanned by exposure in an East India
climate."

"Yet I think you will be recognised
by everybody in the village. Do you
know a young lady in Pomerany of the
name of Mary Fuller?"

"What! little Mary? my 'little wife,'
as I used to call her? Why, Lord love
you do you know her? Bless her heart.
My trunk is filled with knick-knacks for
her special use. Do I know her? Why
I have thought of her ever since I was
away. Young lady?—why she is a
little bit of a girl; she is only ten years
old. No; she must be older than that
now. I suppose I shall find her con-
siderably. By the way, are you not
cold? It is getting chilly."

The delighted young lady was trying
to conceal her face, which had called
forth Walter's exclamation.

"Yes, it is getting colder; it is nearly
dark;" and so it was. Walter had a
boat-cloak, and after a very little trouble
he was permitted to wrap it around
her lovely form; and somehow or other
his arm went with it, and in the confu-
sion he was very close to her, and his
arm was around her waist, outside the
cloak though; then he had to put his
face down to hear what she said, and
somehow those long ringlets of soft silky
hair was playing across his cheek.—
Human nature could not and would
not stand it any longer; and Walter,
the modest Walter drew his arm closer
than ever, and pressed upon the warm
rosy lips of his beautiful fellow-traveller
a glowing, burning, regular East India
Bombay kiss, and then blushed himself
at the mischief he had done, and waited
for the stage to upset, or something else
to happen; but no, she had not made
any resistance; on the contrary, he felt
distinctly that she had returned the
kiss; the very first kiss, too, he had ever
pressed upon a woman's lips since he
gave a parting kiss to little Mary Fuller,
and he would have sworn he heard her
saying something, (about the very mo-
ment he had given the first long kiss of
youth of love), that sounded like "Dear
dear Walter." He tried the experiment

again, and before the stage had fully
reached the village, he had kissed and
re-kissed her, and she had paid him back
kiss for kiss at least a hundred times.

The stage was now entering the vil-
lage. In a few moments he would be
at Mary Fuller's house. He thought of
her, and he felt ashamed and downright
guilty. What would Mary, his 'little
wife' that was to be, say if she knew he
had been acting so? As these things
passed rapidly through his mind, he
began to study how to get out of the
affair quietly and decently.

"You go on in the stage, I suppose,
to the next town, or perhaps still far-
ther?"

"Oh, no! not me."
What could she mean? But he had
no time to indulge in conjecture; the
stage drove up slap in front of Parson
Fuller's door, and there was the vena-
ble parson and his good lady in the
doorway; he with a lamp in hand, all
ready to receive—Walter, as he sup-
posed.

"Where will you stop in the village?
I will come and see you?"

"I shall stop where you stop. I won't
leave you. Here you have been kiss-
ing me this last half hour, and now you
want to run away and leave me. I am
determined to expose you to that old
clergyman and his wife in the doorway
yonder. More than that, your darling
'little wife' that is to be, as you called
her in the stage, shall know all about
it."

What a situation for a modest man!
It was awful. To be laughed at—ex-
posed; and who was she? Could it be
possible!—he had heard of such char-
acters! It must be; but she was very
pretty, and he to be the means of bring-
ing such a creature into the very house
of the good and pious clergyman, and
his sweet old pet and playmate—his
Mary Fuller! He saw it all. It was a
judgment upon him. What business
had he to be kissing a strange girl, if
she was pretty? His uncle and aunt
had come clear down the stone walk to
the door-yard gate, almost to the stage-
door, which the driver had opened.—
Walter felt that he was doomed; he had
to get out.

"Don't, for God's sake, expose me,
young woman! I will get out."

"Oh," thought Walter, "it's all over
with me;" and now he shakes hands
with the clergyman, and flings his arms
around the aunt.

"Mary!" exclaims the mother; "our
Mary in the stage as I live! So, so, you
would come up with your cousin; eh?"
"Yes mother; and what do you think
the impudent East Indian has been
doing? He has kissed me at least a
hundred times, and that isn't all; he
tried to persuade me to keep on in the
stage; and not get out at all."

"Ah, no wonder he kissed you; he
has not seen you for some years. How
glad you must have been when you met!
But what is the matter with you, Wal-
ter? Let the driver stop and leave your
trunk at your father's, as he goes by,
and do you come into the house. Why
what's the matter? Are you dumb?"

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself,
Walter, not to speak to my mother
when she is talking to you?" chimed in
Miss Molly.

Walter now found his voice, and
before he got fairly inside Miss Mary
was his debtor for a round dozen of
kisses, which she took very kindly.—
But as for Walter, his mind was made
up. He had turned over the subject
during the last three minutes. He would
marry that strange girl. He was grate-
ful, he had saved him from degradation,
loss of character, and everything else,
but would she forgive him for being so
free with strange girl in a stage-coach?
doubtful; but she should have the chance
at any rate.

The wanderer received a glad wel-
come from his family and friends in his
old native village; and Mary Fuller was
his travelling companion about the place
and together they crossed the door-sill
of every old farm house within a cir-
cle of five miles round. Walter had
seen enough of the outside of the great
world. He had made some money, too
enough for his modest wants; he was
old enough to marry—and so was Mary
Fuller; and before three months more

had rolled over their heads, the vena-
ble old father made them one in the
front parlor of the old globe. When
the vows had been spoken, the last
prayer made, and this blessing pronoun-
ced, Walter clasped Mary to his breast
and imprinted on her sweet lips another
first kiss; but now it was the first, thrill-
ing kiss of married love; and as he had
her for a moment in his ardent embrace
she whispered gently in his ear—"Wal-
ter, dear, it is understood in the vow,
no more kissing strange girls in a stage-
coach."

Years have flown by since then, and
now Walter Marshall and his gentle
wife, and the little people they call their
"stock in trade," are living pleasantly
and happily somewhere on the other
side of the Alleghanies, near a place
called Pittsburgh, where he owns large
tracts of mines not humbug washa washy
shining gold, but real, hard, substantial
coal mines, productive to himself and
to the country he lives in.

DREAMS.

The dreams that busy fancy weaves
In midnight's silent hour,
When wearied mind or frame receives
From sleep new strength and power,
Upon the sea of fairy tale,
Or bright and changing as the lights
That sparkle in the Arabian nights,
Prove thought, tho' uncontrolled by will,
Is toiling on and busy still.

Sometimes in playful mood and gay,
It mounts on airy wing,
To where wild comets widely stray
And shining planets swing—
Again it seeks the depths below
Where groves of snowy coral grow,
Where mermaids wander thro' the deep
And lull the watcher into sleep,
And bear him off to caves of gold
Beneath the waves so blue and cold.

Yet oftener still, 'tis like some wind
That scarcely felt doth play,
That scarcely noticed, leads the mind
To regions far away—
A ray of light, whose gentle beam
Doth lure us down Time's rapid stream—
The murmur of a rose-leaved shell
Upon Time's shore, yet near the swell
Of that unknown and boundless sea
We're taught to call eternity.

Yet, whether mournful, dark and sad,
Or playful, gay and fair,
Though buoyed with ten thousand hopes
Or sunk full low with care,
Though bright with joys the picture glows,
Or peopled with life's countless woes,
The visions of the silent night
That pass before our spirit's sight,
Must teach us still, though weak and blind
The immortality of Mind.

THE FRENCH DIFFICULTY.

The whole of the correspondence in
relation to the difficulty with the French
Minister, was published in the *National
Intelligencer* and *Republic* of Saturday
last, and a part of it is transferred to
our columns to-day.—The first transac-
tion referred to in this correspondence,
is in relation to the purchase of some
tobacco by M. Port, and which was
sold at auction by authority of the Uni-
ted States, at Puebla. The facts, as
stated by the French Minister, are sim-
ply these:—In October, 1847, Captain
Webster, of the U. S. Army, posted
up a notice, that on a certain day, 500
bales of tobacco would be sold at public
auction, at the barracks of San Jose.

At the sale, M. Port being the highest
bidder, the tobacco was struck off to
him. He subsequently sold the tobacco
to another party at an advance of
\$4,500; and this party re-sold it at a
profit of \$1000. In this state of the af-
fair the tobacco was taken possession of
by the U. S. authorities, and was, by
the decision of a military court, deliver-
ed to M. M. Dormerq, who, it seems,
had purchased it previous to the public
sale, of Gen. Worth. In consequence
of this proceeding, M. Port was de-
prived of his \$4,500 profit, besides hav-
ing to pay to the person to whom he
had sold \$1,000, which the latter had
been compelled to refund to the indi-
vidual who purchased of him. M.
Port, therefore, claimed of the Ameri-
can Government the sum of \$5,500, and
placed his claim in the hands of the
Minister of France—by whom it is
contended that the sale being public
and made by authority of the United

States, our Government is bound in jus-
tice to admit and pay it. It is resisted
on the ground that M. Port knew that
the property belonged to M. Dormerq,
and the U. S. officer was about to sell
without right. This is the groundwork
of the correspondence between the
French Minister and the Secretary of
State, and in which the former used lan-
guage considered so exceptional as to
require to be withdrawn. So far as the
claim of M. Port is concerned, it seems
to us that he had plausible grounds for
urging it. He bought what was sold at
public auction by authority of the Uni-
ted States; and he had no right to ques-
tion the propriety of the sale, whatever
he might have heard in reference to
the prior purchase at private sale. That
was not a matter for him to require into,
but for the investigation of the public
authorities, by whom the sale was about
to be made.

The second transaction embraced in
the correspondence, relates to a claim
for salvage, made by Captain Carpen-
ter, of the U. S. steamer Iris, for sav-
ing the French ship *Eugenie*, off Vera
Cruz, whilst on the Rock El Riso, near
the anchorage of Anton Lizardo, 1848.

The French vessel was in imminent
peril, and was saved only by the most
laborious exertions of the officers and
crew of the Iris. The Attorney Gen-
eral of the United States, (the Hon.
Reverdy Johnson,) declares it to be a
proper case for the charge of salvage;
and such was also the opinion of Mr.
Clifford, the American Minister to Mex-
ico. But the captain of the Iris, after
detaining the *Eugenie* for a short time,
released her without receiving salvage,
and the French Minister asks that he
shall be severely reproofed, by his gov-
ernment, instead of being thanked by
the Minister for his act of humanity;
and because our government cannot see
anything in the transaction which mer-
its reproof; and declines to administer
it at the suggestion or demand of the
French Minister, he has indulged in the
use of language so offensive as to in-
duce the President to decline further
official intercourse with him. And this
offensive language is not only justified
by the Minister of Foreign Affairs in
France, but he presumes to censure the
conduct of the Administration.

It would almost seem, from the course
pursued by the French Minister here,
and by the Minister of Foreign rela-
tions in France, that